Enterprise.

CO., ARIZONA, SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1888. NO. 52.

OVED BY ELECTRICITY.

gical Operations—Successful Removal of Moles and Wens.

has been telling me of his own
e's experience in having moles
moved by electricity. His
er right shoulder a blemish
a large mole, quite half an
er, which practically made
r her to wear ball or even-
which would reveal her
halvely shoulders. She acci-
heard of the electric operations,
taining the address of the surgeon
erforms them, she went without
and's knowledge to his office and
to the operation. It required
eal the wounds made
ch the mole was
ection; then the
burned to a dry,
ing the shoulder
only the slight-
ere the discolor-
kin formed over
noticeable blem-
nspired her to
ndergoing the
delicate part of
ose. He thus

birth, so I was
th my years
d for many
my counte-
ze of a pea,
It changed
would grow
red when-
wines and
to regard it
d an irrev-
e once sug-
dently been
costly cul-
urgent en-
ed him if it
ed at it and
it

look upon the wine
I told him I was born
further, and at once proceed
rate upon it.

He bathed my nose
caine. It grew cold at first,
perfectly numb, as though
lack of circulation of the blo
as if paralyzed. He then ap
tric needle to the wen, sicki
and through, as near the ro
ble. There was no pai
hour was consumed in th
Whenever he increase
electricity I saw billions
sparks seemed to flash from
the eyeballs seemed to cr
spark that apparently flew
When the operation was
wen was black, no longer
unsightly than ever. He
ored court plaster over i
there for about a week,
ing it off the mass of
away. A new skin
barely see a small
sightly object
American.

"Clipping" Street Car Mules.

If you will notice, you will see that all the street car mules are closely clipped in the fall. To the knowing this doubtless looks cruel, as nature seems to intend that the hair of animals shall grow long every fall to protect them against the cold. It may be cruel in many cases, but it is different with the street car mule; it is a sanitary precaution. His hair grows much longer in winter than that of a horse, and when he travels at a live... as he is made to do in a car, he perspires freely, and the hair preserves the dampness for a long time. Hence, when he is at rest, he freezes and gets the rheumatism. With his hair clipped, he may be colder in the stable, but he is all right while traveling, and dries off afterward without any unpleasant consequences. It is not necessary to do this clipping with horses unless they have unusually long hair. They do not perspire like mules, and hence do not need clipping except in the spring. A horse that has once been clipped must be clipped ever afterward, or he will catch cold or suffer the heat badly.—Globe-Democrat.

An English View of the Negro.

I returned to my own quarters, reflecting on the scenes I had witnessed, and I could not forbear wondering how far these civilized "southern Metho-Baptists"—as the B—— negroes called themselves—were removed from the fetish worship and sacred snake dances of their savage African ancestors. There is small room for doubt that the plantation negro is profoundly ignorant and superstitious; his belief in witchcraft, "charms," i. e., fetishes, and medicine men or women, being almost as strong (though kept strictly secret) in the civilized (?) emancipated negro of today as when he was first transplanted from his native African soil to the shores of the great American continent.—Times.

Warning to Art Collectors.

It is proper to warn art collectors against purchasing any Rembrandts, Durers or Raphaels which may stray into the market at present. A new scientific process of copying is said to have been applied to the pictures in the Esterhazy gallery at Pesth with startling results, and the fact has become a subject of investigation by the Hungarian congress.—Chicago News.

THE SUPPLY OF MUSK.

Perfumes that the Jersey Marshes Furnish for Ladies' Handkerchiefs.

A reporter was in a drug store the other evening The store is kept by a friend of his. A lady came in and bought an ounce of musk extract. After she had gone out the reporter said to his friend, the druggist:

"I dare say that the race of fragile, but aromatic, little deer from which musk is obtained must be nearly extinct by this time, is it not?"

"Not the fragile and aromatic little deer that furnishes the musk I sell," replied the druggist. "That fragile and aromatic little deer isn't any nearer extinction now than he was when he first began to dive and burrow, and that was away back in the pristine years."

"Why!" exclaimed the reporter. "The animal that supplies the musk of commerce lives among the palm clad hills of Central Asia, where picturesque native hunters follow its tiny track, risking hardships to secure the almost infinitesimal sac which envelopes the precious perfume, and by painful journeys of miles and miles they bear it to the marts of trade, where it is sold for many times its weight in gold. Everybody knows that."

"Yes," said the druggist, "I've heard of that. But the way I find it now is different. The animal that supplies the musk of commerce around these parts lives largely in those luxuriant realms of bog and malaria known as the Jersey marshes, where the following of its track is attended with no risk to life, no toil, no hardship. I never knew it to be attended with much but a jug of rum and a long handled spear. The hunters are picturesque, though. An old fur cap, a large chew of tobacco oozing over an unprotesting red chin whisker, and a pair of gum boots filled with the legs of hickory overalls, and a long, lank Jerseyman. That ought to pass for picturesque, hadn't it? But none of these hunters ever said anything to me about an infinitesimal sac, enveloping precious perfume, nor ever complained about having to journey many painful miles and miles to reach the marts of trade; nor have I any recollection of their demanding many times its weight in gold for the precious perfume. Not any hunters that I ever dealt with didn't. They just jumped aboard a ferryboat, landed on this side and hoofed it up here, and, chucking on the counter what he had to sell, said:

"'Thar ye be, Kernel! Didn't have much luck yist'd'y, an' only slashed the pods out o' ten. They're bang up uns, though. O't to be wuth ten cents a pair, Kernel.'"

"Do you mean to say"— the reporter began, but the druggist interrupted him.

"Yes," said he; "I mean to say that the picturesque hunters who risk their lives on the trail of the musk deer in the Central Asian mountains can do better by packing their grips and coming over here and chasing the wily muskrat on [illegible] marshes. They might have to wear more clothes, but they'd get more musk and find a market right under their nose. Yes, my son. The effete orient is no place for the musk hunter nowadays. The robust occident beckons him and he had better come. He needn't fetch his spear with him. They are plenty here at fifty cents per spear."

"But somebody sells the genuine oriental musk yet, certainly," insisted the reporter.

"Yes; oh, yes," said the druggist. "There's a good deal of it sold yet; but it's all nonsense. What's the use? A drop of Jersey musk will reach just as far and last just as long as a drop of the most aristocratic article that ever came from Asia. A lady carrying a drop of the imported musk to church with her will not make the congregation a bit sicker than if she had insinuated a drop of the home made stuff into her garments. Neither will the high collared youth who sits down next to you at the theatre, exhaling reminiscences of an Asiatic musk deer hunt, arouse in you any stronger desire to sweep upon him as an army with banners and dust the floor with him, than will the same young man if he simply recalls to you the hole where the muskrat disappeared. Then what's the use? There ain't any. No one can tell the difference and I keep the home article. It's as good as the best and can be sold for less. Mind you, I say can be sold for less. Some of the finest and most delicate colognes I sell today are made from the aromatic secretion of the muskrat of the Jersey marshes. I mention myself, but if I should place 100 New York druggists in a bunch and let you chuck a stone at the bunch you couldn't hit a man in it who isn't on just as intimate relations with the Jersey muskrat as I am."

"Then," said the reporter, "the Jerseymen who hunt the muskrat must make a nice thing of it."

"As far as it goes, yes," replied the druggist. "But as ten or a dozen muskrat pods will make enough extract to last a year in any drug store with a fair trade in perfumes, there might be more money in it than there is for the hunter. But then you see the musk pod isn't all there is to the muskrat. He is an animal of great resources, the muskrat is. For instance he furnishes the material for many thousands of sealskin caps, muffs, gloves and trimmings. So you can readily see that neither the musk deer, the seal, nor the rabbit need go off and be extinct so long as the great American muskrat lives, breathes and has his being."—New York Evening Sun.

The Feet in Cold Weather.

Sit before retiring for the night with the feet in as hot water as can be borne. Try putting the feet in a little at a time and taking out, then trying it a little longer again and again, till you will be surprised how hot you can bear it. Sit for a time, say for ten or fifteen minutes, or longer if you choose, when your f... will be very red and look alm... boiled. Then take a crash to... thoroughly. Heat befo... perfectly dry, the... clean hose a... surp... will... w...

A Nervy Fidgety People.

We are emphatically a people of nerves. Visitors from other lands are astonished at the fierce activity that pervades our most insignificant actions; but they themselves speedily contract restlessness and no longer marvel at wonderful developments of invention and speed of practical application. A portion of this energy is doubtless due to American climate, which teaches in a vigorous and obtrusive manner, that quiet and rest do not form part of natural law in this country, but it is far more a result of our newness, our youth in the family of nations. Scarcely out of our swaddling clothes of history, we are called upon to stand up squarely in competition with a thousand years of past, and show the old fogies a new thing or two. And we have done it, are doing it now and apparently have shouldered a contract to keep in the lead for all time to come. What with new instruments for annihilation of time and distance, limited express trains across the continent and unlimited chances for express speed in dissipation, the American [illegible] grown to be one of great delicacy of nerve. Our children, at an age when their contemporaries in other lands are still at school, relegate the "old folk" to the rear; and father's opinion is voted as "good, of course, but belongs to a past period."

Yet, in all this mad speed, there is reason. It does not follow that we live shorter lives than elsewhere, even in length of years; that is not the case. We are not less capable of keen appreciation of good things, when once they are introduced to us; on the contrary, we are apt to see beauty and say so, too, when not even a glance of pleasure shows that our slower neighbor has noticed it. But, from a medical point of view, our temperament is a dangerous one to the state, in that it does most distinctly repress reproduction. The future American will be conglomerate; the blood of our forefathers will be so far diluted that its characteristic will be lost in foreign overflowing tide, which, if sluggish in its flow, may still be of service by reclaiming from too much nervousness our fidgety people.—American Magazine.

Tricks of Eastern Wizards.

Alderahman, the conqueror of northern Spain, according to the Moorish chronicle of the Caliphs, once engaged a "master wizard," who introduced himself by "making the shadow of a dial retreat by 12 degs.," an exploit which, indeed, even Russian facilities of collusion would fail to explain. That same court wizard is said to have predicted the issue of the battle of Tours (the Charles Martel affair) a full year before his royal patron crossed the Pyrennes; but in that branch of his art at least his prestige can be challenged by the record of a modern specialist. The clairvoyante Lenormand, whose sanctum in the Rue Madeleine seems to have rivaled the popularity, and almost the emoluments, of the Delphic oracle, foretold Col. Murat that his career would end on the throne of a king (certainly an augurium of quite classic ambiguity), [illegible] beyond the borders of his native land. She also assured ex-Jacobin Bassere that the ghosts of the past would not rise against him; and when Talleyrand visited her in the garb of a country curate she outlined his political vicissitudes in a way that convinced him that her keen eyes must have penetrated either his disguise or the veil of the future. In 1803 Napoleon himself could no longer resist the witchery of her growing fame, and one evening gave her a rendezvous in the library of the Tuileries.

"The rising clouds will pass, sire," said she, "and the star of your fortune will continue to mount higher and higher, for years to come, till"——

"Go on."

"Till the ninth year shall witness its cline."

"Et apres?"

"All beyond is dark, sire."

The sibyl herself kept no record of her predictions, but the unanimous testimony of her contemporaries seems to leave no doubt that what skeptics called her random shots resulted in an amazing number of hits.—Dr. Felix L. Oswald in Cosmopolitan.

Two from the School Room.

A teacher in a city near New York had a small class in easy physiology. They had had several lessons on the ear, and had been so thoroughly drilled on the names and uses of all its parts, that when some visitors dropped in the teacher was glad it happened to be the hour for this class to recite. After asking several questions, and receiving prompt and correct answers, she said: "What is the name of the canal in the ear?"

The child hesitated a moment, and then spoke up, loud and plain: "The E-rie canal!"

The visitors thought if she judged by the sound it was no wonder the child thought the Erie canal ought to be in the ear, and were, perhaps, better pleased than the teacher was with the answer.

Another teacher in the same city asked one of her scholars the meaning of the word "vicissitude."

"Change," was the reply.

"That is right," said the teacher, "now give me a sentence with the word vicissitude in it."

"My mother sent me to the store to vicissitude a dollar bill.—Christian Register.

The Razor Back Hog.

"They are great travelers, and always go in a trot. Their quadrupedal locomotors are in some way connected with an internal grunting arrangement. This capability for locomotion, and their innate sinfulness, scientifically explain their existence in West Virginia and their ancestry. There is no authority for even supposing [illegible] specially described [illegible]

THE OLD TIME TUMBLERS.

The Way in Which Table Glasses Came to Have That Name.

How many times a day do we use a word without stopping to think what it means? Every day at luncheon and at dinner we drink out of a tumbler. But I, for one, never thought why the large glass that holds our milk or water was so called until, once upon a time, I happened to have luncheon at All Souls' college, Oxford. All Souls' is a curious college. It has no students or "undergraduates," as we call them in England. It consists of a master and a number of "fellows"—men who have taken their degrees and have distinguished themselves as scholars. There is a quaint old rule in Latin, that says a man to be a fellow of All Souls' must be "Well born, well dressed, and a moderately good doctor in singing." There is no question nowadays of singing! But of good breeding and good scholarship there is. And to be elected a fellow of All Souls' is a great honor.

One of the most distinguished fellows is Professor Max Muller, the [illegible] gist, who, though he is a German by birth and was not educated at Oxford, was elected to All Souls' as a mark of respect for his immense learning. The "common room," or the fellows' smaller dining room, is a delightful old place with its great fireplace and its walls all wainscoted with black oak, while through the great window with its heavy stone mullions you look out on to ancient ivy grown buildings round a quiet court which is filled with a space of velvet turf. On the day of which I speak Professor Max Muller was giving a luncheon in this splendid room to the charming and talented Princess Alice, the wife of the grand duke of Hesse Darmstadt, and second daughter of Queen Victoria. There were not a dozen guests besides the princess and her husband, and a very agreeable luncheon we had, with pleasant talk on all kinds of interesting subjects.

But what excited the curiosity of all the strangers present was a set of the most attractive little round bowls of ancient silver, about the size of a large orange. They were brought round, according to the custom of the place, filled to the brim with the famous ale brewed in the college. These, we were told, were tumblers, and we were speedily shown how they came by their names—a fitting lesson for the guests of a philologist! When one of these little bowls was empty it was placed upon the table mouth downward. Instantly, so perfect was its balance, it flew back into its proper position, as if asking to be filled again. No matter how it was treated, trundled along the floor, balanced carefully on its side, dropped suddenly upon the soft, thick carpet, up it rolled again and settled itself with a few gentle shakings and sayings into its place, like one of those India rubber tumbling dolls your baby brothers and sisters delight in. This, then, was the origin of our word tumbler, at first made of silver, as are these All Souls' tumblers. Then, when glass became [illegible] these round glasses that stood on a flat base [illegible] the exquisitely balanced silver spheres and stole their names so successfully that you have to go to All Souls' and a few other old houses to see the real thing.

So do words, with the wonderful life that is in them, change and grow and get fresh meanings, full of interest and teaching and delight to those who think about them.—Wide Awake.

How Watch Clubs Are Formed.

Watch clubs have done a great deal for the business in this country and have put gold watches into the vest pockets of thousands who could never hope to buy them in any other way. It is not like the installment business. The club maker or dealer does not have to charge an exorbitant price for the watches and he runs little or no risk, for he never lets a watch go out of his hands without good security in the signature of a responsible man, who signs an agreement to assume the debt if the watch holder skips before the last payment is made. The dealer need not buy a watch until every dollar is paid in for it by the sixty or more members of the club. Then he draws a slip of paper from a box, and the number upon it designates the subscriber who is to have the watch that week. He notifies the lucky member that he has drawn a watch, and tells him to bring forth a surety, and he can carry it; but it remains the property of the dealer until the last dollar has been paid, and the drawer signs a document to that effect. The following week the collection of $1 is made from each member of the club, and another drawing takes place. This business has assumed wonderful proportions throughout the United States, and now there is scarcely a town without its watch club. Rogues have taken advantage of the scheme, but only in a small way, for they cannot operate more than one week in a place without being detected, and then the amount is too small to be attractive.—Dealer in New York Sun.

Sixty Thousand Useless Words.

"There is no man living," said a public school teacher the other day, "that knows every one of the 75,000 words in Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, nor half, nor a third of them. Nor is there a man who could define them if he were asked. Shakespeare, who had the richest vocabulary used by any Englishman, employed only 16,000 words. Milton could pick out from 8,000, but the average man, a graduate from one of the great universities, rarely has a vocabulary of more than 3,000 or 4,000 words. Right here in Buffalo there are Americans born and bred who contrive to express all their wants and opinions in 300 words, and in the rural districts the knowledge of 150 or 200 words is sufficient to carry a man through the world. [illegible] abridged dictionary is cluttered [illegible] technical or ob-